APOLOGY

FOR THE

MINOR.

IN A

LETTER

TO

The Rev. Mr BAINE.

To which is added, The

ORIGINAL EPILOGUE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

EDINBURGH:
Printed for J. Wood; and sold by him at his Shop below the Tron Church.

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TO

The Rev. Mr BAIN.

Reverend Sir,

I HAVE not troubled the public with any reply to the Sermon you addreſſed to me; not, as you fondly imagine, becauſe your arguments were unanſwerable, but becauſe I really did not think they deſerved an anſwer.

The utility of the Minor has been felt and acknowledged by all orders and degrees of men in the country where it was firſt produced, with an exception indeed to thoſe ſubjects who were unhappily tainted with the principles that dramatic piece was intended to combat. To reaſon with thoſe who profeſſedly give up the uſe and exerciſe of their reaſon, would be *non aliter quam ſi des operam ut cum ratione inſanires.*

Had you, Sir, enjoyed your ſuppoſed ſupe-

riority in ſilence, or been ſatisfied with the private congratulatory bleatings of the unfortunate flock you fodder, I ſhould not have made a ſingle attempt to ſully your triumph: but as you have thought fit, in the public papers, to celebrate, with a degree of wanton inſolence, not very conſiſtent with the pretended piety of your principles, and the humility of your profeſſion, a victory, which, like the great Tom Thumb, you have attained, not by vanquiſhing your foes, but in finding no foes to vanquiſh; it becomes neceſſary to let you ſee, that, with the town of Geneva, you owe your ſtrength to your weakneſs; and that you have been hitherto ſpared, not from the want of arms or courage, but from a real principle of compaſſion.

The greater part of your Sermon, conſiſting of ſelf-evident principles, ſuſtained by hackneyed quotations, badly arranged and ill expreſſed, I ſhall give you all the credit that the communication of ſuch tritical truths deſerves.

In the concluſion, indeed, of your precious morſel of eloquence, you make an application of theſe principles to the Comedy in queſtion; but as all you ſay there, has been ſaid before, and much better, I take the liberty of ſubmitting to the public the * Objections originally made to the MINOR, by one of the founders of the methodiſtical ſect, with my anſwers; both

* Wrote by the Rev. Mr. M--d--n.

which

which were published immediately after the first exhibition of the MINOR.

As the pamphlets themselves are too bulky for the room of a letter, I have satisfied myself with an extract, which contains the substance of each; and, for the more distinctness, shall state the Objections as they occur, with my Answers to each immediately following.

The Objections have for title: "CHRISTIAN "and CRITICAL Remarks on a *Droll* or *Inter-* "*lude*, called the MINOR, *said to be acted* "*by authority*."

To this title, I give for answer, That the MINOR is not a Droll or Interlude. A Droll, if it is the same as the Interlude, was a part of the entertainment amongst the Greeks, and was performed by the chorus. In our theatres it is the dance, and at Tottenham-Court it is the ballad, or musical entertainment, which fills up the space between the different parts of the performance: but a Droll is generally supposed to be a kind of theatrical, not a dramatic entertainment, distinguished by the name of *Farce*, and is a sort of hodge-podge, where the mangled limbs of probability, common sense, and decency, are served up to gratify the voracious cravings of the most depraved appetites. But a Comedy is an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people among whom it happens to be performed; a faithful imitation of absurdities and follies,

made for the correction of individuals, and an example to the community: so that it is not the extent, but the object of the piece, that determines the title. A poem of one act may be an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce; and I hope, that the characters in the MINOR are not strained above the modesty of nature, nor their employment unsuitable to their rank, or inconsistent with their situation.

Observ.] Mr Foote has shot a bow's length beyond any of his competitors, in debauching, if possible, and debasing the stage; by doing that which nobody else in these kingdoms ever had the confidence to attempt; by the introduction of real and living characters into his pieces. That this was the original method of comedy nobody can deny; but the sensible Athenians found the ill consequence of it. Socrates, that divine philosopher, (if we may call him divine, who was almost a heathen through the unhappy prejudice of education), was allowed to be the first man for wisdom and virtue, not only in Greece, famous for great men, but in the whole world: yet this man, when he was in his highest reputation, when the principal youth of Athens were under his tuition, and his advice was taken in the most important and difficult affairs; this very man, at this very time, could not with all his glory get the better of the ridicule of Aristophanes; who, in a comedy called *the Clouds*, made a jest of him with such success, that though the people of Athens

dolized Socrates next to their gods, they run after this burleſque foppery night after night; and ſome of the beſt writers have dated the fall of the greateſt pagan philoſopher that ever lived, from the firſt exhibition of this contemptible farce, which, however it might appear in acting, is ſuch a poor piece of writing, that it is very little ſuperior to the MINOR.

Anſ.] In this charge you are, Sir, at once erroneous and unjuſt: You err in your notions of the nature of the ancient comedy, and are unjuſt in attributing its revival to me, when, at the ſame time, that honour is ſolely due to the reverend gentleman whoſe advocate you are. But for the better determining this queſtion, let us conſider where the ſpecific difference lyes, between the ancient, middle, and modern comedy.

The ancient comedy was a repreſentation of real perſons and facts; in the middle comedy, the perſons were real, and the facts feigned; in the modern, both the perſons and the facts were fictitious. Now, Sir, though in the MINOR you may call ſome of the characters real, yet you muſt, at leaſt, allow the fable to be an invention; that piece, therefore, wants juſt half its conſtruction to be ranked in the order of ancient comedies. But let us, on the other hand, conſider the claims of your Hero for a niche near Theſpis in the temple of Apollo; and for this purpoſe we will examine one of his pieces, at which I was a ſpectator. The piece is pretty well

well known, and after the manner of Ariſtophanes and Plautus we will diſtinguiſh it from the principal incident, by the name of *Mutton*, a comedy *. As an introduction to this entertainment, we were told by the chorus or prologue, that the perſons were then living, that the dialogue really happened between them, and that the cataſtrophe of the leg of mutton and turnips, was a literal fact. In this compoſition you ſee, Sir, we have at once every member of the ancient comedy. The method of declaiming or conveying it, too, was preciſely after the Greek in recitative; and tho' we had not the accompaniment of the *tibiæ dextræ* and *ſiniſtræ*, yet a melodious naſal twang, produced by an orcheſtra of old women, who ſurrounded the actor, amply ſupplied that deficiency. To this when I add, that, after the manner of Theſpis, the piece was exhibited in a cart upon a common, not a ſingle doubt can, I think, remain. *Dicitur et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis.* Perhaps the critics may object to the divine machinery of this piece, as believing the leg of mutton might have been produced with propriety enough by natural means. *Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.* But as the model of the mutton was produced previous to the exiſtence of Ariſtotle or Horace, it would be abſurd, in a profeſſed imitator of that model, to be directed by their rules. From this diſquiſition, then, Sir, and the earneſt inclination your reverend friend always ſhows to diſplay his abilities in a

* See the Epilogue to the MINOR, annexed.

cart,

cart, even though it be with a criminal to Tyburn, I think we may venture, without any impeachment of our underſtanding, to pronounce him the real reſtorer of the ancient Theſpian cart-comedy.

You affirm, with an intrepidity which, conſidering your ignorance in dramatic productions, is a little aſtoniſhing, that Mr Foote, amongſt the moderns, is the only man who has produced real characters upon the ſtage.—What think you of a countryman of ours, one Shakeſpeare? In travelling through his page, did you never meet with a booriſh, illiterate, trifling, tedious country Juſtice called *Shallow*? Have you never heard that this man's real name was *Lucy*? and that his inflexible ſeverity to our author, for a venial ſlip in his youth, procured him a ſeat in the temple of folly, condemned to everlaſting fame?

Your next anathema is thundered out againſt one Ariſtophanes, a certain Greek comic poet, whoſe diſciple you pronounce me to be; and to the unbounded licence of whoſe execrable farces, produced and foſtered by the corruption and depravity of the age, the untimely death of Socrates was owing. As to any reſemblance you think you may have diſcovered between my little piece and the works of that great maſter, I am too much flattered with the compariſon to think of pointing out your miſtake; I leave that taſk to my enemies: But from what quarter did you collect the reſt of your materials?

rials? you muſt have either loſt your hiſtorical knowledge, or have ſuck'd from ſome muddy gutter the impure ſtream with which you pollute the brighteſt period the world ever ſaw. This was the æra when the Attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen could have gone from a conference with Socrates, to an oration from Demoſthenes, and have cloſed his evening with the Electra of Sophocles, the Phædra of Euripides, the moral ſcenes of Menander, or the ſprightly comic muſe of Ariſtophanes. Then flouriſhed Plato, Xenophon, Ariſtotle, Iſocrates, Thucydides, and Eſchylus, men born to enlighten the human mind, and diffuſe the glory of their country to lateſt poſterity. No, Sir, the ſacrifice of Socrates was reſerved for the age of bigotry and abject ſlavery, when Lyſander had changed the conſtitution of Athens, from a Democracy to an Ariſtocracy, when the thirty rulers had eſtabliſhed an abſolute tyranny. The *Clouds* was exhibited in the eighth year of the Peloponneſian war, at leaſt twenty-ſix years before the death of Socrates. Could a little ſlight harmleſs raillery, at what, perhaps, were foibles in the character of that great man, have excited ſuch an inflammation in the minds of the multitude? it muſt have been at the time when Socrates was upon the ſpot, in the very theatre where he had been drawn, to make a diſcovery of his own imperfections, with a declared reſolution to amend them. But the real truth is, Sir, Socrates fell for the very fact which you charge as a crime upon Ariſtophanes;

Ariſtophanes; for his free, ſpirited, and perſonal invectives againſt Critias, one of the thirty rulers. The reſentment of that tyrant, joined by the hatred the public bore Socrates, for having been the inſtructor, the preceptor of that very Critias, were the unhappy, only inſtruments, that, before his time, cloſed the eyes of that firſt of philoſophers, whoſe not being a Chriſtian I do not, like you, impute to the vice of his education; for let that have been as it would, there ſeems to be an almoſt inſuperable obſtacle to his ever joining in one communion with us, viz. that he died in the 95th olympiad, juſt 399 years before Chriſt was born.

Rem.] Whether the paultry reflection caſt upon a preacher of God's word, in the name of *Squintum*, be equitable, I leave to the world; nay, even to Mr Foote himſelf: for if the accidental unhappineſs of a provincial dialect is not a proper ſubject for ridicule, how much leſs are the errors of nature in matters of bodily defect?

Anſ.] Provincial dialects are not the proper objects of comedy; *and if not dialects*, ſurely much leſs natural infirmities. Granted.

But if men, with theſe infirmities, will attempt things which thoſe very infirmities have rendered them incapable of properly executing, it is their own fault, if the ſource that ſhould acquire them compaſſion, degenerates into a fountain of ridicule. My Lord Laneſborough's gout would

would have hardly found a place in Mr Pope's page, if it had not hobbled a minuet at court; nor ſhould Mr *Squintum* have ſhown the whites of his eyes at the Hay-market, if he had confined his circumſpection to the tap-room of the Bell at Glouceſter; or, after his admiſſion to the miniſtry, modeſtly ſubmitted to the decent duties of a country cure: but if, in deſpite of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance, not only inexpreſſive, but ludicrous; a dialect, not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment, not only aukward, but ſavage; he will produce himſelf to the whole public, and there deliver doctrines equally heretical and abſurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he muſt expect to have his pretenſions to oratory derided, his ſincerity ſuſpected, and the truth of his miſſion denied.

Obſerv.] I do not rightly know what is meant by enthuſiaſm: if people mean by enthuſiaſm, that the Methodiſts pretend to the extraordinary operation of working miracles, or ſpeaking with tongues, they are no enthuſiaſts, for they never laid claim to any ſuch thing. But if they only mean, that enthuſiaſm is a ſtrong perſuaſion of the mind, that we are guided in an extraordinary manner by immediate impulſes and impreſſions of the ſpirit of God; then, perhaps, they may not injure them.

Anſ.] Are you really puzzled for the preciſe meaning of the word Enthuſiaſm? Why, then,

I will give it to you; but take this by the way, that the term was never applied by me to the leader of the Methodists, but to his deluded disciples only; for the very essence of an enthusiast is, that though mistaken, he is sincere; though erroneous, he is in earnest.

Enthusiasm, in divinity, is a kind of a religious phrensy, that mistakes the dictates of an inflamed imagination, the vapours of a troubled brain, for the operation of a divine possession, the effects of an immediate inspiration: nor is it material, that the enthusiast should think himself the person inspired; if his distempered judgment bestows the same attribute on any other individual, his delusion is the same.

Observ.] The stage is of Pagan origin.

Answ.] So is sculpture, painting, and not only all the elegant, but most of the useful arts.

Observ.] The stage was invented for the honour and worship of dæmons.

Answ.] If by their dæmons you mean as they did their gods, you are right enough.

And where could they better employ it? To these people you would surely permit some religious worship; but you will insist that they ought all to have been Christians, though dead before Christ came into the world.

Obſerv.] Pagans, who had no regard to virtue, abominated theatres, as ſeminaries of vice.

Anſ.] Who were theſe Pagans? And when and where did they live?

Obſerv.] The diverſions of the ſtage, though at firſt encouraged, were afterwards diſcountenanced by the Greeks and Romans.

Anſ.] Juſt the contrary is true; and plays were in ſuch eſtimation in Greece, that the exhibition of the tragedies of Sophocles alone, coſt the Athenian ſtate more than the whole Peloponneſian war; and the profeſſion of the ſtage was at that time ſo far from contemptible, that even their ambaſſadors were ſelected from the body of the players. They were not indeed in equal repute at Rome, for the ſame reaſon, that in the decline of the empire, the practice of the bar fell into diſgrace, becauſe the profeſſors of both became mercenaries: but ſtill the dramatic authors had a Scipio, a Lælius, a Mæcenas, an Auguſtus, for their patrons; and to ſum up all theſe names in one, the actors had a Cicero for their friend. The Romans were ſo far from ever diſcountenancing dramatic performances, that one of the fathers you have quoted, St Auguſtine, obſerves, that 436 years after Chriſt, the theatres began to be cloſed in the great towns of Italy, owing to the incurſions of the Goths and Vandals, *Niſi forte hinc ſine tempora mala quia per omnes civitates cadunt theatra.* And Caſſiodorus, who wrote

in 520, almoſt a hundred years after St Auſtin, mentions, in ſeveral of his letters, that the theatres were ſtill open at Rome; ſo that, in all probability, the playhouſes were not totally ſhut till the ſack of Rome by Totila; then, indeed, when the wives and children of the Patricians were compelled to beg their bread at the doors of their own palaces, plays, players, arts, ſciences, and even the Roman name, ſunk in one univerſal ruin.

In conjunction with Collier, and the other virulent declaimers againſt the ſtage, you ſeem to lay infinite ſtreſs on the authorities of thoſe fathers who have condemned it, without once conſidering where they lived, and when they wrote. Clemens wrote in 192, Chryſoſtom in 354, St Auguſtin in 436, all of them in Italy, when their followers were few, and thoſe too newly converted. Feaſts, inſtituted in honour of the Heathen gods, were undoubtedly not only very indecent, but very dangerous ſights for Chriſtian converts; they might have revived an affection for their ancient rites. But what is all this to us? we have not the ſame danger to apprehend. I never heard that Mr Garrick ſacrificed to Pan, or Mr Rich danced a jigg in honour of Cybele. The prohibition of the Roman theatres to the primitive Chriſtians, has no more relation to our playhouſes, than to a horſe-race at Barnet, or a ball upon my Lord Mayor's day.

Obſerv.] Mr *Squintum* has preached chaſtity, juſtice, and honeſty; temperance, ſobriety, and loyalty; and that with ſuch ſucceſs, that if there ſhould be a rebellion in England to-morrow, which God of his infinite mercy forbid, he does not doubt but that twenty thouſand of his flock, fraught with theſe principles, would riſe with one hand and one heart, to repel the invaders of their king and country.

Anſ.] You ſeem to think, Sir, that the loyalty of your favourite paſtor ſhould ſcreen his ignorance, and ſhelter his impoſition. I did not, indeed, at firſt conceive, of what conſequence to the public your friend's political creed would be, till you yourſelf have given me a moſt alarming reaſon. Twenty thouſand men are, it ſeems, ready to take the field, whenever their ſpiritual guide ſhall give the word of command. I am very ſorry, Sir, that any ſuch power ſhould be lodged in other hands, than where the conſtitution has thought proper to place it, but more eſpecially in *ſuch* hands. The Aſiatic impoſtor ſubjugated almoſt all the Eaſt, with leſs than half that number of men; but, as I ſuppoſe this declaration will be canvaſſed in another place, and, if true, its conſequences properly guarded againſt, I ſhall refer it to their conſideration, to whom it more immediately belongs. But pray, Sir, who amongſt you are the Antinomians? Are the doctrines of that ſect the tenets of the tabernacle? In vain are human laws inſtituted to guard the lives and properties of individuals,

if

if a religion be tolerated which makes it a merit to deprive them of both. The greater crime you commit, the greater glory you give to God; the virtue of the blood of Chriſt being rendered meritorious in proportion to the greatneſs of the offence it is to expiate. This very opinion I received, as the ſound ſenſe of the goſpel, in the village I now write from.

Obſerv.] What wealth has Mr *Squintum* amaſſed?

Anſ.] He is, I believe, too cunning to let any body into that ſecret: but from your computation of males fit to carry arms, who are liſted in his ſervice, and the price they are well known to pay for admittance, even into the gallery of his theatre, I ſhould ſuppoſe his annual income muſt double that of the Primate's. To this may be added private benefactions, and occaſional contributions. The proportion of this that he allows to the poor, who, but himſelf, can diſcover? Some ſpecious oſtentatious acts of it (for it is a proſtitution of the word to call it Charity) are the mere tricks of his trade, the baits, the ſpringes.

Obſerv.] Foote, in his MINOR, has put expreſſions into the mouth of Mrs Cole, a bawd, fit only to be uttered by the devil.

Anſ.] Why, they do come from the mouth of a being very little better than the devil; but

for thoſe ſhe or her teachers are anſwerable, not your humble ſervant; theſe are *her* words, not *mine*. Would you have a mirror reflect beauty from deformity? I do my duty, if the copy is a faithful tranſcript of the original; and of that the public are judges. The plain points to be determined are theſe: Is there ſuch a character in nature as Mrs Cole? That granted, is that character a proper object for the ſtage? Why, if a deteſtion of the moſt conſummate hypocriſy, and guarding the moſt innocent and unſuſpecting part of the creation from the crafts and ſubtleties of the moſt artful and deſigning, be of uſe to ſociety, no object ſo proper; but then the words, *providence*, *regeneration*, *grace*, *new-birth*, ſhould they be ſpoken upon a theatre? why not?

Though the abuſe of theſe words may (as it is intended it ſhould) caſt an odium on the character that miſapplies them; yet ſurely no diſhonour is reflected on the words themſelves, or the ideas they repreſent. Does any man condemn Ben Johnſon for giving his hypocritical ſaints, Tribulation and Ananias, the language of the ſcripture, though employed in a work diametrically oppoſite to the ſenſe and ſpirit of the ſcripture? But to ridicule what is ſaid in a church?—and why not, if what is ſaid there deſerves ridicule? Is it a crime to pick a pocket at church? Its being a church is an additional reaſon why a man ſhould not have done it; but it is no argument why he ſhould not be puniſhed for doing it.

But

But if words, which are the mere arbitrary marks of things, are by any uſe ſo conſecrated, as never to be produced but in a particular ſervice, what apology can you make for your principal, whoſe converſation is an eternal proſtitution both of words and things? If profaneneſs conſiſts in idly mentioning the Supreme Being, what offender muſt he be, that makes him a principal agent in the moſt trifling, common occurrences? If he is bit by fleas, he is buffeted by Satan: if he has the good fortune to catch them, God will ſubdue his enemies under his feet.

[*To the* REMARKS *are added ſome Verſes, which* Mr Foote *has thus taken notice of.*]

Anſ.] I ſhall not animadvert upon the pretty copy of verſes with which you have cloſed your pamphlet: though, for decency's ſake, if you are a miniſter of the church of Chriſt, I hope you are not impious enough to chant ſuch compoſitions in your places of worſhip, by the way of giving glory to God. There is a place, you ſay, where ſaints ſhall enjoy

Eternal reſt, an active, bliſsful ſtate,
Joy, ever new, tranſporting, ever great.

I hope, Sir, in this paradiſe of your own manufacture, you will allow your ſaints, after their active reſt, a ſup of dry drink, and let them juſt take a waking nap, by way of a little fatiguing

fatiguing refreſhment. The Climax too in your next line is extremely happy; Joys not only tranſporting, but great: but this is a trifle to what occurs in the progreſs of your poem; you there make a conveyance to your diſciples of certain ſeats you pretend to have in the realms above, and you promiſe them not only a good neighbourhood of patriarchs, apoſtles, and martyrs, but that the Tottenham teacher himſelf ſhall certainly ſettle amongſt them. This puts me in mind of what happened at a certain place, in ſumming up the evidence againſt a libeller of the revolution: "The priſoner has "dared, gentlemen, to vilify even the revolu- "tion, gentlemen; a meaſure, gentlemen, vi- "ſibly begun, conducted, and completed, by "the peculiar interpoſition of divine Provi- "dence; and not only that, gentlemen, but "confirmed by act of parliament."

Your two next lines, and the laſt I ſhall meddle with, are,

In lofty ſtrains, which angels cannot ſing,
There ſaints ſhall praiſe their Prieſt and heavenly King.

And why can't the angels ſing the ſtrains? What, perhaps they are of your own compoſing? Otherwiſe, we are told, that to ſing praiſes, was one great purpoſe of their creation. But I forget, theſe are your own angels too; nay, it's but reaſonable you ſhould people your paradiſe. Fye upon you; are you not aſhamed to cajole

a parcel

a parcel of ignorant mechanics into a belief, that by chanting such inexplicable nonsense they are performing a sacrifice of praise agreeable to the great Author of their being!

It is asserted, and with truth, that at the exhibition of the MINOR in this town, when Mr Foote was called upon by the public to give them the Epilogue, he apologised for the omission by the application of a law of Solon's to the recent death of the Tottenham-Court preacher;

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

But this was rather a condescension to the general prejudice of mankind, than to any conviction of the propriety of the law.

If the examples of bad men are to be pointed out as matter of caution to the rest of their fellow-creatures, it can, by the constitution of these countries, be only done after their death: for, during their lives, their characters, however infamous, are guarded by the laws against libels. And indeed, the contrary practice prevailed amongst the Romans. To prove this, I need only cite their custom of appointing public orators at the funeral of their principal citizens. The orator frequently assumed the person of the deceased. A passage, which occurred at the death

death of an avaritious Emperor, cannot be forgot, when a ſum was voted by the Senate for his funeral. *Give me*, ſays the Monarch's repreſentative, *the money; and, if you pleaſe, throw my body into the Tyber.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

AND what becomes of your poor ſervant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift;
A great man's promiſe when his turn is ſerv'd!
Capons on promiſes would ſoon be ſtarv'd!
No, on myſelf alone I'll now rely;
Gad, I've a thriving traffic in my eye.

Near the mad manſions of Moorfields I'll bawl,
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons and all
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befell,
I knew the mother and her daughter well.
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd:
She wanted meat, and drink, and fairly cry'd.
Child. Mother, you cry.
Mother. Oh, Child! I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? why, Providence an't dead.

With reaſon good this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls,
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals:

And

And d'ye deſerve it? how d'ye ſpend your days?
On paſtimes, prodigality, and plays.
Let's go ſee FOOTE! Ah FOOTE's a precious limb!
Old Nick will ſoon a football make of him.
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove:
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may ſit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the houſe for Satan's benefit.
Oh! what, you ſnivel? Well, do ſo no more:
Drop, to attone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe,—I'll give it to the poor.

FINIS.

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